To Miss Caroline A. Spaulding.

Over the river they beckon to me

MUSIC BY

A. WHITNEY.

ARRANGED BY

H. G. SPAULDING.

BOSTON.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co. 277 Washington St.

Firth Pond & Co. New York. J. Church Jr. Cincinnati. Beck Lawton. Philad.a C. C. Clapp & Co. Boston.

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1859 by O. Ditson & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of Mass.

OVER THE RIVER.

A. WHITNEY.

ANDANTE.

pp

2. O-ver the riv-er the boat - man pale, Carried an - oth - er, the house - hold.

dolce e legato.

1. O-ver the riv-er they beckon to me, Lov'd ones who've cross'd to the fur - ther

pet, Her brown curls wav'd in the gen - tle gale, Dar - ling Minnie, I see her

side, The gleam of their snow - y robes I see, But their voices are lost in the dash - ing

yet. She cross'd on her bo - som her dimpled hands, And fear - less-ly entered the phan - tom

tide. There's one with ringlets of sunny gold, And eyes the re - flection of Heav'n's own

bark, We felt it glide from the sil - ver sands, *con espress.* And all our sunshine grew strang-ly

blue, He cross'd in the twi-light gray and cold, And the pale mist hid him from mor-tal

dark We know she is safe on the fur - ther side, Where all the ran-som'd an - gels

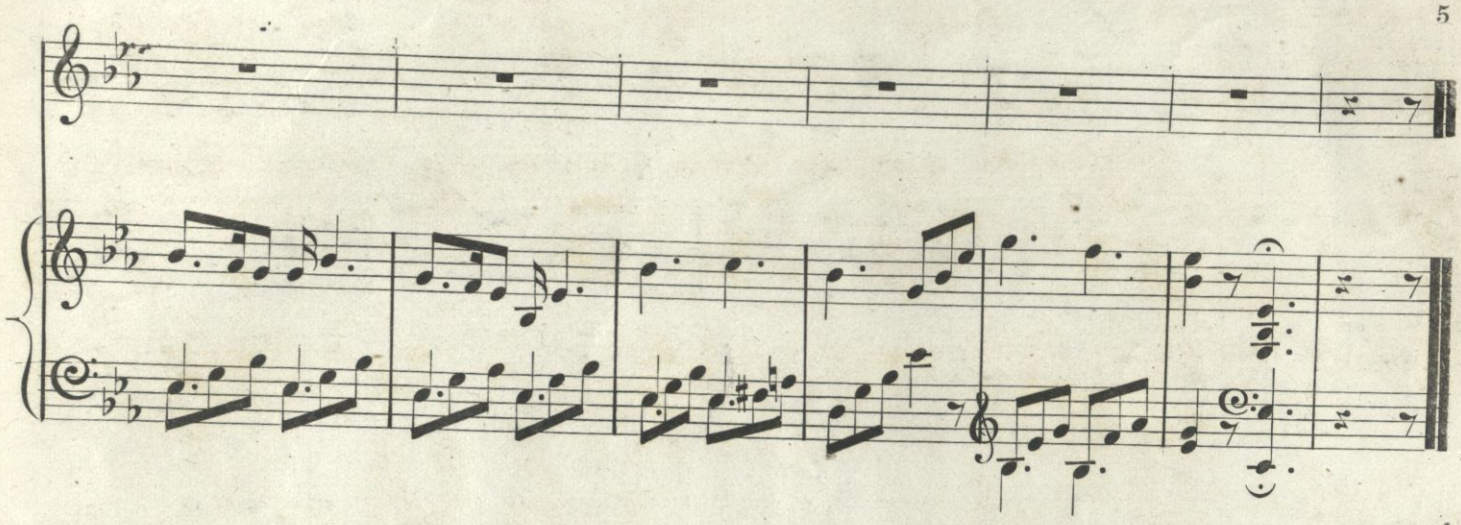
view; We saw not the angels who met him there, The gates of the ci-ty we could not

be, O - ver the riv-er, the mys - tic riv-er, My

see, O - ver the riv-er, *pp* O-ver the riv-er, My

child - hood's i - - dol is wait - ing for me.

bro- - - ther stands wai - ting to wel - come me.



Sempre legato.

3. And I sit and think when the sunset's gold, Is flushing river and hill and shore, I shall one day

pp

stand by the wat - er cold, And list for the sound of the boatman's oar; I shall watch for a

gleam of the flapping sail, I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand, I shall pass from

sight with the boatman pale, To the bet ter shore of the spir it land. I shall know the

f

lov'd who have gone be - fore, And joy-ful-ly sweet will the meet - ing be, When

o - ver the river, the peaceful river, The An-gel of Death shall carry me.